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WONDERLAND

WONDERLAND;

THE STORY OF

Ancient and Modern New Mexico.

A LECTURE BY

ALBERT R. GREENE,

(JOE FLUFFER,)

Of the Kansas City Journal.

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WONDERLAND.

IN the year 1848, the United States acquired by conquest and purchase, a vast territory lying along our western and southwestern border, a portion of which was called New Mexico, and extended from the one hundred and third meridian of west longitude to the Colorado River, and from thirty-one degrees and twenty minutes to thirty-seven degrees of north latitude; comprising one hundred and fifty million acres of land; an area nearly three times as large as the State of Kansas, four times greater than Missouri, or five times greater than the State of Illinois.

It is supposed to be rich in mineral and pastoral resources, but its remoteness from civilization and the perils involved in reaching it, formed for years an effectual barrier to its exploration. It was a sealed book to the student, and a *terra incognita* to the immigrant,

except the adventurous few who could brave the hardships of overland travel across treeless wastes for hundreds of miles to gratify their greed or curiosity. The traveler knew of the country through the narrow channels of commerce by which its few inhabitants disposed of their surplus products and supplied their meagre wants; the trapper knew of it by the game and peltries its plains and mountains furnished him in his dreary life of voluntary exile; and the soldier knew of it as the hiding place and citadel of his life-long enemy, the Apache. These comprise the Anglo-Saxon residents of the country, if residents they could be called, and through their strange and ofttimes conflicting stories, was obtained about all that was known of that undefined, mysterious region that existed in the minds of the "states people" more as a dream than as a fact.

This of its material resources. It has been better known as a land abounding in historic events, dating back for centuries of an existence as a dependency of Spain, and covered

with a glamour of romance tinted with conquest and blood. These invested it with an interest always, that is deepened and strengthened upon research into an irresistible fascination, now that the country is accessible by palace cars and the adjuncts of civilization.

All this came as a revelation to the public in the beginning of the present decade, just in time to enjoy it in the universal prosperity that now blesses the land—just in time to see the fading relicis of royalty that founded here a civilization older than that of Plymouth Rock or Jamestown.

In 1863, congress diminished the area of New Mexico, by erecting the Territory of Arizona out of all that part lying west of the one hundred and ninth meridian, leaving it nearly an equilateral quadrangle of three hundred and forty miles in each of the cardinal directions. By this division Arizona was given an area of seventy-two million acres of land, and New Mexico retained seventy-seven

million acres, being fifth in rank of area of the states and territories.

The conspicuous topographical features of New Mexico are the Sierra Blanca and Sierra Madre ranges of mountains, and the valleys of the Rio Pecos and the Rio Grande, extending in a general direction from north to south, in nearly parallel lines, equi-distant, and dividing the territory into five great natural divisions. First, the plains bordering the Indian Territory and Texas; then the long, narrow, rock-girt valley of the Rio Pecos; then the Sierra Blanca, being a continuation of the Sangre de Cristo range, of Colorado, and terminating in the Guadalupe range at the far south; west of this, opens out to the enraptured vision of the traveler that Canaan of his hopes, the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte; beyond this, the storm-swept peaks of the Sierra Madre, the Continental Divide, from whose summits the snows, melting, flow into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans: and, beyond this, the plains

that border Arizona. Such is New Mexico as the birds see it.

But I anticipate. First let us glance at the precarious thread that bound it with feeble hold to the states.

No feature of modern New Mexico is more interesting, or more closely allied with its development, than that tawny strip of earth that stretches away from the Missouri river to Santa Fé, and thence to El Paso. Just how much of this route was traversed by Alva Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca in his journey from Florida, by the way of New Mexico, to the home of Montezuma, is uncertain. That he counted many of its weary leagues, is probable, and sighed for the orange-scented air and Elysian loveliness of the fair Ocklawaha, as he trod the burning sands of the Cimarron; and that Coronado crossed and recrossed its track that was to be, is certain. But of Pike, who may be considered its pioneer, and who followed the trail to a prison; of Kearney, who carried the Stars and Stripes over plain

and mountain and planted it above the palace; of Aubrey, who rode the whole eight hundred miles in six days; of Kit Carson, and Colonel Doniphan, and Old Bill Bent, and the army of men who succeeded them, it may be said they dedicated one of the grandest thoroughfares on the globe.

What memories rush up at the mention of these names! Where is the man in all our early history who loved his country more or served it better than that daring explorer who unlocked the wilderness, that faithful chronicler whose narrative is more enchanting than song or story, that gallant soldier whose noble soul was liberated in battle on our northern frontier, Zebulon Montgomery Pike? Well may the states perpetuate his name; well may the lofty peak that bears it shine as his monument forever.

Will the Mexicans ever forget Kearney? Will the Indians ever forget Kearney? Will Americans ever forget Kearney?

One day, long years ago, a party of adventurous spirits were celebrating their escapes from the perils of the plains, on the Plaza in Santa Fé, and one, more daring than the rest, made a wager of a thousand dollars that he could ride to Independence in six days. Relays of horses were stationed at the ranches that dotted the trail at long intervals, word was sent to the ranchmen to be ready, and, fully equipped, the wild horseman mounted and shot out of the Ancient City amid the hurrahs of thousands and the booming of artillery.

Through the pine-scented cañons he sped; over the bald hills he came, and anon was hidden to view, rising and falling in the graceful metre of the galloping steed; with a heart as light as a bird's song, and a spirit that never knew fear, the dauntless Aubrey rode away. The startled deer bounded from his trail, and the savage crouched in mortal terror as the phantom horseman flashed by. The flagging horse was urged again and again by cruel thrusts of the bloody rowel, and when the

change was made the staggering beast was turned loose to live or die, as the fates decreed. Halting at first for a few hours' rest, Aubrey soon found the tension of his nerves too great for sleep, and he decided to push on, trusting to stimulants and the cat-naps he could catch in the saddle.

And so he rode, through hostile camps, past caravans of immigrants, who saw his swaying figure grow on the dim trail, come nearer and nearer with frightful rapidity, until the man and horse, covered with dust and foam, dashed past without halt or recognition, and faded away on the eastern horizon. And so he rode over hill and plain, through the first faint flushes of the dawn, through daylight and through darkness, through sunshine and through storm; and so fainting man and dying horses strained the last nerve and spurned the weary miles away, until the dark outlines of the Missouri timber greeted his swollen eyes, grew plainer and plainer, the busy streets of the frontier village appeared, and Aubrey, nearer

dead than alive, fell from his horse into the arms of his friends, five days and sixteen hours from Santa Fé, and the wager was won!

It was a grand feat, and will live imperishable in the annals of the frontier. One of the finest steamers on the Missouri was named in honor of him, and a locomotive that to-day follows the shining trail to Santa Fé bears the name of F. X. Aubrey.

But no such purpose animated him as thrilled the heart of Paul Revere that night when the Revolution was born, or inspired Phil. Sheridan who saved the day at Winchester; and as a sad sequel his life-blood was shed in a drunken brawl in the streets of Santa Fé.

In an obscure corner of the cemetery at Taos may be seen a modest monument that marks the last resting place of that heroic little man who led the Pathfinder, and who helped to save New Mexico to the Union, Colonel Christopher Carson.

If you look out of the car window as you cross the Las Animas, in Colorado, you will

see a grave by the roadside, under an old cottonwood tree. It is the grave of that early plainsman, friend of the traveler, foe of the savage, who was good on a story when the camp fire was kindled and the bottle went round, jolly "Old Bill Bent."

Colonel Doniphan, who learned the story of New Mexico by heart, who penetrated Chihuahua and captured its capital, and who returned covered with the honors of war, to be crowned with a wreath of laurel by the ladies of Independence—Colonel Doniphan yet lives, a venerable gentleman, widely known, and known only to be loved.

These were the pioneers of the Santa Fé trail. Millions of wealth have passed over it, and its course is marked with battle fields and strewn with graves.

Not only the slow-plodding ox trains that consumed a summer in making the trip, nor the occasional detachments of troops to some distant post passed that way, but the old-time mail stage, with its six-mule team and outrider

its many-mannered Jehu, and its squad of dragoons jogging in the rear as protection against the lurking foe that hung, like the shadow of death, on the trail. This formed a picturesque feature of its history. Think of that trip a moment. Think of the passengers, six—nine—twelve in number, men and women, crowded inside and on top of that portable prison, with mail sacks and firearms for furniture. Think of the days of gazing on shoreless plains, and nights of sleeplessness and apprehension, as they jogged on through heat like the tropics, sand storms like Sahara, or snow storms that would discount a Dakota blizzard! It was more of an undertaking than to cross the Atlantic; and a steerage passage in an emigrant ship was a rainbow-tinted pleasure excursion compared with it. No wonder men made their wills before starting. No wonder the safe arrival of the Santa Fé coach was made an occasion for bonfires and rejoicing.

Old plainsmen will recognize the principal "home stations"—110 Creek, Council Grove,

Cottonwood, Little Arkansas, Walnut, Pawnee Fork, Cimarron, Bent's Fort, Huerfano, Trinidad, Dick Wooton's, Maxwell's, Las Vegas, San José, Pajarito, Glorietta, and then a Concord coach and six splendid horses under yell and whip of driver, for the home run to Santa Fé.

No ordinary curiosity leads the tourist to scan it as the iron trail on which he now goes crosses and recrosses its course. He looks with a feeling akin to awe at the great scar upon the face of nature, whose very wrinkles are instinct with history. And throughout that long ride — abbreviated though it is by steam, yet long nevertheless — he cannot escape from it. It is like the omnipresent glistening crown of Pike's Peak that shines upon you all over Colorado. You cross it first near Carbondale, follow it to Burlingame, intersect it at Great Bend, go side-by-side with it up the fertile valley of the Arkansas, the Nile of America, cross it again at Trinidad, pass under it at the tunnel on the Raton Mountains,

catch a glimpse of it at Wagon Mound, where a stage load of people were massacred thirty years ago, follow it up the Pecos, past Pecos church, built two hundred years or more before the American Revolution, overlook it at Glorietta, where the Colorado boys fought and won in the early days of the war, and, finally, accompany it across the mesa, and when dim outlines and uncertain shapes have become blocks and squares, and convent and cathedral and towering cross are marked against the sky, enter with it, side by side, the oldest town in the United States. It is more than eight hundred miles in length, and has neither bridge nor ferry nor toll gate!

The work of the old trail is done, and its object is accomplished, for it has been superseded by that other line, over the same route, that has not only realized the most sanguine hopes of its projectors, but, in pursuing further the trail of Alva Nuñes Cabéza de Vaca, down the Rio Grande to El Paso, and thence

to the City of Mexico, is challenging the admiration of a continent.

I can do no better, in relating the story of New Mexico, than to begin where this old trail ended, in the Damascus of America, the City of Santa Fé, known in the archives of the Catholic Church as San Francisco de Asis de Santa Fé, the City of the Holy Faith.

Santa Fé is, and doubtless will continue to be, in a great degree, New Mexico. The capital, military, ecclesiastical, educational, and largely the commercial center, it has a recognized importance that is not likely to be disturbed by any city in the Territory. It is the objective point for visitors of every class, especially health-seekers, and boasts a larger per cent. of transient guests than any city in the Far West. At present the whites comprise but twenty per cent. of its population, but it is Americanizing very rapidly, and has daily papers, gas, water works, street cars, and modern hotels. The houses are built of adobe, or sun-dried brick, are one story in hight, with

dirt roofs, and not unfrequently with battlemented walls. This straining after grandeur, in the midst of such manifest poverty, fairly illustrates the habits of the natives of the lower classes, who will have a pretentious head gear even though their limbs are supplied with the most indifferent clothing, or are destitute altogether. The sombréro and rebosa are the necessities of apparel, trousers and petticoats its luxuries.

The exterior appearance of these houses is all there is against them, and they seem to be in disfavor as habitations only among those who know little or nothing about them. Cool in summer, warm in winter, dry, light, healthful, inexpensive, and enduring for centuries; what other material combines so many merits? The exterior is dingy and uncouth, indeed, but the interior! Ah! what marvels of comfort, what massiveness, what impressiveness, what immunity from storm behind walls four feet in thickness! And the antiquity of them! The very walls have character, and individuality,

and history. There is an educating and refining influence in a building that has withstood the storms of centuries. A subtle influence pervades the Pyramids that stand after their builders have fallen and their names are forgot; it is the eloquence of the centuries whispered down to us of man's mastery of the elements that survives history, outlives tradition and lives on, serene and undisturbed as the storm-beaten hills. So these adobe walls tell us of plans formed and hopes realized, of bold resolve and brave endeavor, of almost infinite toil and the reward of labor, as men have hoped and toiled through all the grand decades of time; and thus, again, the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Here are buildings that were venerable when Washington was a boy—more than that, before the Spaniards struck the first blow at St. Augustine, there was a populous city where Santa Fé now stands, and long before the Pilgrims made "the sounding aisles of the dim woods ring with the anthem of the free," the

Cross had been planted three thousand miles interior from Plymouth Rock!

The streets of Santa Fé, except those immediately surrounding the Plaza, are narrow, crooked lanes in which American wagons can scarcely pass each other, and are despicable thoroughfares. They start out at right-angles but directly weave and stagger like drunken men and grow fainter and fainter until they are but a dim trail against the brown hills.

One may walk for hours in the suburbs of Santa Fé without seeing a familiar object or hearing a familiar word. Let us see. Here is a street, a rod in width, bounded by dirt walls that are hollow, with shops in them. These walls are perhaps ten feet in height, and may enclose a palace or a hovel, a placita, beautiful with flowers and singing birds, or a prison, dark and noisome with blood-stained walls. They may conceal immense stocks of merchandise that were brought from beyond the sea, or graves, with dates two hundred years old. These walls are of uniform height,

whether house, garden or cemetery wall, and are pierced at regular intervals for doors, but have no windows in them. Originally they were without doors, and ingress was obtained by scaling ladders "over the garden wall." Rows of cactus bristle from the summit, mute witnesses of a lawless and bloody age long past.

The street is filled with burros. They are loaded with every kind of produce and merchandise, strapped on their backs and by their sides with thongs of raw-hide. As we speak of the commerce of the states by car lots, so the term in the mountains is the burro. Here is a burro of wood, another of poultry, another of hay. Two burros of molasses, alias sorghum, and one of butter, alias oleomargarine, one burro of kegs, of uncertain contents, another of eggs of uncertain age. No landscape is complete without the burro, no day so hot or cold, so wet or dry, so still or stormy, but that his form appears. What shall I say of the burro? As meek as Moses, as patient

as Job, careless and improvident as a tramp, suffering perpetual martyrdom to the greed and cruelty of man, he has been the camel of the desert, the raven, bringing food to the wilderness exile; though the appendage of barbarism, the prophet of civilization; everywhere and always, the sign and symbol of a fading day, yet the harbinger of a brighter dawn. When New Mexico assumes her star, the burro, not plodding and dejected, but erect and rampant, should be the central figure of her great seal.

Here comes a *carreta*, a cart of wicker-work with tires of raw-hide on the wheels. Here a priest, smiling mysteriously, has stopped to soothe the cries of a beggar, with a benediction and a Mexican quarter. Here comes an Alcalde, who is a bigger man than the man who was bigger than Grant. Here are a couple of turbaned maids with baskets of apricots on their heads and boquets of flowers in their hands. They are barefooted and brown as a nut and their black eyes have

the alert glance of wild animals. They have been to confessional this morning and they will be at the *baile* to-night. They are good girls, as the custom of the country is, and fond of *buena Americanos*, with whom they will smoke *cigarritos* and dance till the moon goes down—si señor, si señor.

Here is a hole in the wall where a door has fallen down and we see that we have passed into the country, for a strange looking man is cutting strange looking grass with a sickle; another is hoeing with a sharpened stick, and another is plowing with a forked log and a yoke of oxen.

This is a picture of Santa Fé as I saw it first in 1878. It is changing rapidly now. Steam and electricity are waking it from the slumber of centuries to a new life so strange, so paradoxical, so full of wonders and grand possibilities that he who would see the relics of royalty in our republic, must hasten or he will be too late.

There are frequent festal days in Santa Fé

where a stranger scene is presented. The most notable of these is in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico. Once a year, in early summer, the entire population turns out to the feast. First the priests, bearing upon their shoulders a palankeen, whereon is placed an image of the saint, then a company of virgins clad in white robes, and after these the multitude. Along the way to the chapel the children bring flowers from the placitas, to which they have free access on that day, and scatter in the street. Devout citizens also spread rugs and carpets for the throng to tread upon. And so the procession moves on, solemn and staid in demeanor in front, and gay with singing and dancing and the rattle of castinets in the rear.

Arrived at the chapel the priests implore Our Lady of Guadalupe for timely rains and all temporal good. This they continue to do for a week, when the image is restored to its place in the cathedral. There is an allegorical picture hanging in the chapel copied from the

one in the chapel at Guadalupe, Mexico. It represents the Virgin of Guadalupe and the miracle wrought at her command by Juan Diego, who gathered flowers on the mésa in midwinter and laid them at the feet of the wondering priests.

The Plaza in Santa Fé is a popular evening resort. The military band discourses sweet music and impromptu dances last until a late hour. In the center is a marble and granite monument in honor of those who fell in the war for the Union and the various Indian wars of New Mexico. The inscription is misspelt and is remarkable for containing the name "rebel," being without a parallel in this respect in the United States.

Around the Plaza stands a row of cotton-wood trees, regularly graduated in size from one two feet in diameter, to a mere sapling. There is a tradition that these are memorial trees, planted by the successive vice-royal rulers who have occupied the Palace, but this is erroneous. The eight largest, in front of

the Palace, were planted by Governor Marinao Martinez, in 1844, long after Mexico had achieved her independence, and the remainder have been planted since the American occupancy.

Visitors to Santa Fé should devote at least a week to sight-seeing. The military headquarters, old Fort Marcy on the hill, the cemetery under the hill, where the slain of the revolt and Second Conquest are buried and where their bones dot the adobes to-day, San Miguel Chapel, the oldest house of worship in the United States, the Old Pueblo house, the oldest residence in the United States, the Cathedral, and the Palace, will profitably occupy the time.

The exact age of the Palace is not known, but it is a matter of record that Santa Fé was the capital under the reign of Pedro de Peralta in 1600. It is, therefore, probably three hundred years of age, but is a modern building compared with the Old Pueblo house

which survives from the wreck of a prehistoric city.

On the 12th day of August, 1680, began one of the most memorable sieges in history. Spanish domination had become intolerable even to the long suffering and stoical Pueblos, and a revolt was determined upon. A wily politician and warrior, named Popé, organized the rebellion and led the forces. Three thousand savages suddenly appeared on the hills north of Santa Fé and demanded of Governor Ottermin the surrender of the city. The demand was met by the most determined resistance. The Spanish settlers flocked in from the vicinity, everybody flew to arms, the women vied with the men in barricading the streets and digging trenches. Implements, vehicles, furniture, merchandise—everything, was piled up in the way to resist the attack. For eight days they fought and for eight nights they buried their dead. Santa Fé became a hospital and every house was a house of mourning. On the morning of the ninth

day came the decisive struggle, when toe to toe and face to face, the peon and the master met, and the master was mastered.

Pouring in resistless tide over the barricades, the savages put the fleeing Spaniards to the sword, the spear, the bludgeon. Arms were wrung from the hands of the slain to spread the havoc, and the plaza was red with blood. Five hundred Spaniards and thirty priests were left dead upon the field as their comrades rushed pell mell from their capital and took up their distressing march for El Paso del Norte. The humiliating spectacle of the haughty Spaniard fleeing from his slave was intensified when the proud Ottermin was compelled to walk that his wounded and decrepit might have horses to ride.

Thus the mailed and disciplined soldiers of Castile were vanquished, and thus the Indians regained possession of the country.

The Indians burned down the public buildings and Spanish residences and made a bonfire on the plaza of the church vestments.

They bathed themselves to cleanse away the baptism of the priests, forbade the use of the Spanish language, and declared that the sun was the only god that lived. During the night they held a disgusting carnival in the palace, danced the *cachina*, or "Devil dance," dissolved all marriages solemnized by the priests, and took new wives and husbands with the greatest freedom and license.

Thirteen years passed, during which time the Indians held possession of the country. Ottermin applied for reinforcements, and in November, 1681, started up the valley of the Rio Grande to recapture Santa Fé. At Isleta he found three thousand savages assembled to oppose his progress. He was out of provisions, his men were barefooted, his animals were starving, the country was barren, and a deep snow covered the ground. Under these circumstances Ottermin retreated to El Paso and soon after gave up the command.

His successor failed in several expeditions, and it was not until 1693 that success crowned

the Spanish arms. In that year a fussy little fellow penetrated the country to Santa Fé, defeated the Indians after a hard day's battle in the suburbs, and planted his colors above the Palace in the name of King Charles Second. His own name and title was Diego de Vergara Zapata Lu Juan Ponce de Leon, Governor and Captain General of New Spain.

Vergara found San Miguel church dismantled and set about restoring it. The roof beams were brought thirty miles, and seventeen years elapsed before the work was accomplished. The achievement is duly recorded on a cedar beam that supports the gallery, bearing date of 1710.

The exterior is not imposing. The walls are ten feet in thickness at the ground and taper to four at the top. Fragments of pottery dot the adobes here and there, and in a rude belfry at the top hangs a quaint little bell that was fashioned in Barcelona three hundred years ago, which still peals forth its matin and its vesper song in sweetest tones. The inte-

rior is neatly whitewashed and hung with sacred pictures. The faint light that struggles in from the little windows, away up by the ceiling, deepens the solemn hush of the place. The censer still burns before the image of the suffering Christ, and the muffled worshipers silently come and go as they have for centuries.

The Palace extends along one whole side of the Plaza, five hundred and fifty feet. It is one story in height, with a veranda in front and neglected court in the rear. It is a queer old place. Wide halls lead to spacious apartments, where ample fireplaces in the corners and massive furniture give an idea of the comfortable old fellows who once occupied it with almost kingly authority. The banquet hall has been subdivided, and is used for legislative purposes. The royal stables were at the opposite end, and are now the elegantly appointed rooms of the United States marshal. The Territorial Court occupies other rooms, but the principal office and suite of rooms

belonging to it, that were occupied by Pedro de Peralta two hundred and eighty years ago, are the present governor's quarters, where I found Lew Wallace sitting in the royal chair of state, and later Governor Sheldon, the present executive.

The library is still the same, and is stored with some cords of Spanish archives that contain a detailed history of every expedition of war and commerce for the last three hundred years. The custodian of these archives at one time, sold them to the merchants for wrapping paper, and thirty cart loads were actually delivered for that purpose. The citizens called an indignation meeting and the musty old documents were seized and restored to the Palace. The author of this outrage afterwards invested in a newspaper at Mesilla, but the railroad four miles distant does not "lend enchantment to the view."

Another resident of Mesilla is serving a generous term in prison for issuing fraudulent land grants. A dim, shadowy and troubled

suspicion of his nationality may be obtained from his name—Jesus Maria Gomez y Lopez. He considered himself monarch of all he surveyed and granted a region two hundred miles square to his sweetheart without consideration. The courts interfered in behalf of other sweethearts and the Alexander Selkirk business proved a failure.

The prison rooms are also unchanged. They are vacant, but have the most interesting history connected with the building. At the time of the Second Conquest seventy Indian warriors secreted themselves here, hoping to escape under cover of the night, but they were discovered and made an example of in front of the Palace. Others, during its bloody history, whose only crime was a love of their native land, were marched out and shot at the command of the royal ruler. One of the more notable of its modern prisoners was Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who was imprisoned here a short time in 1806. He was well treated, however, because even at that early

period the United States was known to be a serious enemy to trifle with.

In the court yard the seventy Indian warriors were buried and their bleaching bones that stare at you at every step confirm the ghastly history of the spot.

Opposite the Palace stood the first Cathedral. On a calm Sabbath morning more than two hundred years ago, the solemn hush of worship was broken by the yells of savages, and priest and people, men and women and nursing babes, fell mangled and dying, nor resistance, nor prayers, nor appeals for mercy, availed to save the strong or ransom the defenseless. The building was razed to the ground, its inmates, without exception, slain, and their dissevered heads kicked about the Plaza like foot-balls. Visit the new Cathedral, the finest church edifice between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and you will agree that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

A day may be pleasantly spent in visiting

the curiosity shops of Santa Fé where the so-called ancient pottery is exposed for sale. The supply seems to be as inexhaustable as the original war club intended to flatten the head of Capt. John Smith. Like the somewhat numerous John Smith family, so the clubs seem to be running a race for immortality; and so also the ancient pottery, made yesterday and sold to-day. The Pueblo Indians along the Rio Grande excel in manufacturing antiquities. Images are their specialty. Images of birds, minus feathers, plus teeth and horns; images of buffalo, with impossible tails, curled in threatening and improbable attitudes; images of men with an abnormal development of feet; images of fish conveniently furnished with legs to be used in seasons of drouth. These are their stock in trade and will be until the supply of mud is exhausted and each and every one is warranted to be a Simon-pure Aztec relic. So the artless aborigine informs you in abbreviated English, but the mischievous twinkle of his eye, as he hears

the clink of your coins, betrays the fraud.

In a jewelry store, however, you may see, but cannot purchase, a genuine relic, not of the Aztecs, but of a lover's love, who spent a fortune in a bracelet for a fair señorita who was to be, but never was, his bride. The name of the lady is forgotten by every one save a decrepit old Don, who haunts the streets by day and lodges nobody knows where at night, but the legend is repeated again and again to strangers who visit the city. It is this:

Seventy years ago Don Francisco Abéta, the scion of a proud family who trace their lineage through centuries of Spanish history, fell in love with a beautiful girl in the City of Mexico. Friends interfered to defeat the union and availed to postpone the nuptials two years, and further to prove his love persuaded Francisco to spend the time abroad. With a woman's devotion the nameless beauty followed her lover to Vera Cruz and watched his departing vessel until it disappeared between sea and sky.

Arrived in Madrid, Francisco ordered the wedding jewels to be made, conspicuous among them this armlet, as wide as a lady's hand and burdened with gems. A score of workmen wrought upon it more than a year, and grouped upon the massive band four thousand tiny balls of gold and gems in beautiful and fantastic shapes. Francisco spent weeks in watching the slow process of its manufacture and doted on the time when it should encircle its wearer's arm. Twice he made important changes in the design, to gratify some whim of hers that he recalled, and long before it was completed, the fashionable and gay of the capital had heard of the rare jewel and learned the romantic history of the two lives it was to seal in one.

At last it was finished. The chased and studded gold could be burnished no more. The filagree of vines and tendrils, bearing fruitage of amethyst, turquoise and pearl, the tiny lizards, half hidden in the silver lacework, and the imprisoned parrot whose head

was garnished with gems, had received the last deft touch of genius and could be beautified no more.

And so Francisco took his treasures and sailed away. How the time seemed long, how the winds were contrary, and the sea rough, how he counted the days of his waiting and dreamed of a radiant beauty at night. How the passengers came to know his secret and playfully chided him upon his impatience. How he displayed the jewel to the ladies, but refused to clasp it on their arms, saying never woman should wear it but *she*. All this is a part of the story, these were incidents of the journey, the saddest journey that ever man made, that ended at last and in despair to poor Francisco, who, as the vessel touched the pier, heard the knell of his hopes in the one word, "dead."

And so the earth became a desert and he an aimless wanderer. He saunters about dazed and dreaming, makes friends easily and soon begins to tell his story, but when he hesitates

and staggers in his speech and you instinctively try to help him, the spell is broken and with a vacant stare he points you to the jewelry store and says no more. The old man's mind is dimming with the shadows of the grave. He'll soon solve the enigma of life and know whether it is worth while to love. Meantime the gems in the armlet sparkle in their beautiful setting of turquoise and gold and keep the memory of her who was to wear them imperishable and bright.

In every direction from Santa Fé are objects of interest to the tourist and antiquarian that neither this practical age nor any to come, can wholly impair or destroy. To the north is Taos, whose foundations are older than history and the customs of whose people may not be disturbed by modern inventions. Hither was brought the sacred fire, here the estufa is maintained with its ancient rites, and from the housetops the people hail the rising sun and watch for the coming of Montezuma. In the vicinity are mines through whose de-

vious tunnels the peons groped, and up whose slippery shafts they brought millions of wealth to their haughty masters, and while they toiled prayed for the coming of one whose sign was the sun in the East, and not a crucifix and sable gown.

To the east of Santa Fé is Pecos church, one of the most interesting relics in New Mexico. A few minutes' walk from the little railway station in the mountains brings you to it. I first visited it in the last days of the overland stage coach, and stopped at the way-side Inn of Madam Kos kilos ki, where, when the candles were lighted, and the tea table spread with the whitest linen and the quaintest china, she set our fancies all aglow with the weird stories of the place. She told us with religious fervor that Montezuma, the Culture God, was born at the old city, the ruins of which could be seen from her door, that here he was crowned and reigned amid their number being about three thousand. Nearly one hundred years afterward, when

the homage of multitudes. She related the origin of the Sacred Fire and the injunction of Montezuma to keep it burning until he should come again from the east, whereupon he departed for the Southland, riding upon the back of an eagle. She spoke of the cruelty of his successor for the time being, a great snake who exacted the tribute of a babe every morning at sunrise, until snake and sacred fire were removed to Taos. Coming down to later times, she referred to the history of the old tavern, with its stone floors and massive doors, more like a prison than a dwelling. It had been the headquarters of both Mexican and American armies, and in the yard were the graves of half a hundred men killed at Glorietta.

According to the best information Pecos Church was built by the Franciscan Friars in 1543. At the time of the actual Spanish domination of the country, some fifty years afterward, the Indians of the pueblo which surrounded the church voluntarily surrendered

their number being about three thousand. Nearly one hundred years afterward, when the great revolt occurred, these Indians remained loyal to the church and crown, but their neighbors of the pueblos of Galisteo and San Domingo fired the roof of Pecos church, destroyed the church vestments, and killed the priest, Father Velasco. In retaliation for this the Pecos tribe allied themselves with Teujas and exterminated the Galisteo pueblo. This was in 1680. In 1689 Governor Cruzate granted eighteen thousand acres of land in the vicinity to the Pecos pueblo as a reward for their fidelity. In 1837 but five families remained of the once powerful pueblo, and these were removed to the Jamez tribe, in the valley of the Rio Grande, where their descendants remain at the present day.

The form of the church is that of a Roman cross, one hundred and sixty feet in length, and fifty-five feet in width. The walls were thirty-four feet in hight and four feet in thickness. They were built of large and unusually

well-prepared adobes. Upon breaking open one of them, I found two grains of wheat, as fresh and sound as when they escaped the eye of the gleaning Ruth three hundred and forty years ago. The windows are small and placed fifteen feet from the ground. They are barred with cedar bars, aad look prison-like and gloomy.

Under the altar is a vault, and from the bottom leads out a subterranean passage in the direction of a building several rods away, the walls of which were thicker than those of the church, and the object of which can only be surmised.

The pueblo surrounding the church is a relic of the Aztecs or their imitators in worship. It was a walled town, occupying a rocky ridge between the Pecos and a small tributary, was oblong in shape, and consisted of a chain of houses four stories in hight, enclosing a court or plaza several hundred feet in length. These houses were built with two stories above and two below the surface, with

no doors or windows on the outer side. In the center of the plaza were three stone-walled vaults twenty feet in diameter. Tradition says these were the council chambers and places of the sacred fire.

Great quantities of pottery in fragments and an occasional stone chisel may be found.

Antiquarians have long disputed whether Sante Fé or Pecos church occupies the site of the ancient city of Cicuyé. The description given by Castañeda de Nagera, the chronicler of the expedition of Coronado, in 1540, would seem to indicate the latter. The dimensions of the plaza, the "vapor baths" in the center, the buildings, the rock on which they were built and the surroundings all accurately agree with the present ruins of the pueblo of Pecos. Coronado says he found a city extending two leagues along a stream; and a chain of villages, still surviving or in ruins, may be traced that distance along the Pecos as plainly as those along Santa Fé creek. But the strongest argument in favor of Pecos seems to be the

river. Coronado's army of eight hundred men was detained a week to bridge the stream, which would hardly have been possible with a brook like Santa Fé creek.

Be this as it may, there is incontestible evidence in the relics that abound that the inhabitants were sun worshippers, and, if so, the conclusion follows that the horrid rites of human sacrifice which characterized their religion were practiced here. The sacrificial altar, the sacrificial knife, the pampered victim going forth bedecked and smiling to his fate. The savage thrust, the gurgling groan, the reeking heart held aloft before the shouting multitude —this scene may have been enacted here in obedience to the dictates of a faith that survives to this day in the tortures of the cactus thong and kindred crimes committed by the *Penitentes*.

And though the anxious watchers scanned the eastern sky in vain for the coming of their Culture God, yet in due time he came, and a mightier than Montezuma.

One morning two hundred years after the revolt at Santa Fé, a great black monarch marched up the mountain, step by step, with stately tread. The forests and the mines had been shorn of their treasures to do him honor, and servile courtiers wove a web of oak and steel for his royal feet. It was indeed the shining path of a King. And as he came to mingle evermore his shrill commands with the music of the spheres, his heralds sang. It was the song of the spikes they sang — the clink! clink! cling! of the refrain that told of states wedded with bands of steel, of sections locked indissolubly together, of nations wedded never to be divorced, of realms opened for happy homes, of lands for the landless, money for the moneyless, bread for the hungry, and shoes for bare feet. They may have failed to recognize him, this strange people who live in squalor and feast their fancies on hopes as vain and unsubstantial as a dream, but they shall yet hail him as their prophet, deliverer, and king.

Within easy reach of Santa Fé, on the south, are a number of abandoned Spanish mines, around which lingers the charm of antiquity and traditions both romantic and tragic. In the Cerrillo and Ortez mountains are more than fifty of these mines, once the scene of busy life and the source of untold wealth. Two of them are especially interesting: Mina del Tiro, and Chalchihuitl. The former yielded three millions of dollars during the Spanish occupancy, a tenth of which, as of all mines worked at that time, was given to the church.

Leaving the cars at the little station of Cerrillos, at the foot of the mountains, my traveling companion and I were directed to follow a path up the cañon to the mines. Mina del Tiro is in litigation, and at the time of our visit was locked and guarded. We came to a tent by the roadside, and near it found a jolly Scotchman reading Bobby Burns. At first he refused us admittance to the mine, but after persistent solicitation finally yielded, and laid back the great oaken door and allowed us to

descend its murky depths. Hand over hand down pole ladders zigzagging first to one side and then to the other, resting at jutting rocks that gave them but a precarious footing—in this manner we descended one hundred and twenty feet, when our progress was interrupted by water. The extreme depth of the mine is unknown, sounding being impracticable, but tradition says it is six hundred feet. At the water line is a vein of gray copper five feet in thickness. This alone is worth years of litigation.

Turning to retrace our steps, the possibility of accidents occurred to us. What if these pole ladders, that had not been used for two centuries, should break under our weight? What if our lamps should fail and leave us to wander without light or guide in these long-forgotten chambers?

A mile away, standing apart from the group, is a conical mass of rock and earth, rising five hundred feet above the plain, and surmounted by an immense wooden cross. This is the

famous Chalchihuitl, or Turquoise mountain, yielding the sacred stone of the Aztecs. By them it was held above price, and regarded as a sure protection against every ill. During the Spanish occupancy it was also an important article of commerce, and one cubic inch was valued at $2,500 in Madrid. From this mountain two fine specimens were sent to the King of Spain and placed in the royal crown. Abundant evidences of the importance of this mine are still to be seen. Two immense open cuts disfigure the mountain, one of them two hundred feet across and a hundred feet deep. At the bottom of this crater-like opening the shaft begins, and extends to an unknown depth.

Some idea of the length of time this mine was worked may be formed by the accumulation of earth and rock at its mouth. This covers an area of fifteen acres to a depth of from five to twenty feet! Not with modern appliances and steam hoisting apparatus, but in leathern pouches strapped to the backs of

slaves, up slippery pole ladders, hundreds of feet to the surface, was this vast burden brought. Centuries were required for its accomplishment — centuries that are black with suffering, with outrage, with brutal wrong. Upon this mass of earth the slow-growing cedar and piñon have grown up to forests.

A few miles south of Chalchihuitl are the ruins of Malla, described as a mining town of importance, by Coronado, who was detained here a week by being thrown from his horse. Piles of slag and cinders and ruined furnaces confirm the report. Near by are the old placer mines worked by the Spaniards centuries ago. The snows have disappeared with the forests, and mining operations have been suspended for ages, but particles of gold may be seen in the sand at your feet. One of the ladies of our party borrowed a tin pan at the hotel, and from a gallon of sand washed out seven colors of gold.

Such are the environments of Santa Fé.

If you will go with me to the southwestern

portion of Colorado and climb the continental divide to a point twelve thousand feet above the sea, where the snowdrifts scarcely soften in the midsummer sun, you will find an ice-bound lake, and issuing from it a tiny rivulet no wider than a man's hand. Amid the impressive scenery of the place it is scarcely noticed or deemed worthy of a thought, but as it flows on, and widens and deepens, and cuts its way through mountain ranges and rock-ribbed hills, and so reaches the broad valley that stretches away for more than fifteen hundred miles to the sea, it takes the name of river, and no other river on the American continent has greater charms of historic interest than the Rio Grande del Norte. Centuries ago, before history began, beyond the ken of tradition or the realm of story, men inhabited this valley and built their houses in the cliffs, in inaccessible and secure retreats, where no enemy could approach, nor wild beast wander for its prey. They chose narrow cañons deemed impassible to-day, and

shadowy defiles avoided by even the fowls of the air; but if there be society in the woods, voices in rocks, and songs in babbling brooks, these people lacked not for companionship. The walls are of basaltic rocks, smoothly polished by the elements or hewn into columns that rise a thousand feet in hight. The valley, at this point but a few rods in width, is carpeted with the freshest grass, and gliding over a bed of white sand flows the river. From the water's edge to the beetling crags, a thousand feet above, the wild rose and honeysuckle shed their fragrance on the air; and higher still, against a background of cedars and pines that are swayed by gales one cannot hear, flame out the gorgeous hues of the omnipresent cacti. There are alcoves grander than the grandest works of men, and arches through wkich a ship of war might pass without touching mast or spar or keel. Dark caverns are there, through which gurgle down subterranean streams that fling silvery cascades into pools paved with golden sands and

over whose brim falls lace-like spray fairer than a bride's veil on her wedding day. You ascend the face of the cañon by a path scarcely a yard in width, and climb laboriously until river and valley disappear, the silence becomes oppressive, and, awe-stricken, you feel like an intruder upon the sacred precincts of the Almighty.

At length the doors are reached, and the black dots that specked the walls prove large enough for men and animals to enter, and the rooms to which they admit you are spacious enough for thousands of people and their flocks and herds. Room succeeds room until you are amazed at the achievements of this lost race. These great apartments were excavated from solid rock by some process that perished with its authors. Here are the fireplaces black with smoke and time, and the half-burnt faggots that died out centuries ago. Returning to the entrance, you stand upon the narrow shelf and look above you, for you dare not look down. Great trees that appear mere

shrubs crown the cañon walls so far above you they seem companions of the clouds that drift idly away like white-winged ships upon a summer sea. Who these people were that chose these solitudes for their habitations, the dire necessity for this perilous retreat, their loves, their hates, their habits and their fate, whence they came and whither they have gone, are themes for the imagination.

Then came another race, numerous, intelligent, and powerful. These too ante-date history, and have left no monuments save their ruined cities. They were more aggressive, and penetrated the country for many leagues on either side of the valley. They established communities whose achievements are a wonder of the present age, when the obstacles they overcame are considered. Cities with populous streets and pretentious piles of stone were the pride and glory of a people to-day without a name. One of the principal objects of Coronado was to find La Gran Quivira, the city of which fabulous stories had been told.

After a long and fatiguing journey a city of that name was reached, and Castañeda says of it: "Up to that point the whole country is only one plain; at Quivira mountains begin to be perceived. From what was seen it appears to be a well-peopled country. The plants and fruit generally resemble those of Spain: plums, grapes, nuts, mulberries, rye, grass, oats, pennyroyal, origanum, and flax, which the natives do not cultivate because they do not understand the use of it. Their manners and customs are the same as those of Tegas, and the villages resemble those of Spain." This was in 1540. In 1694 the "War Captain" of Pecos pueblo, accompanied by eight Apaches, visited Don Vergara at Santa Fé, and during the interview Vergara inquired the distance to Quivira, to which they replied it was twenty-five days' travel; that they knew the country well, for the reason that they went to Quivira to secure captives to trade for horses. This proves that Quivira was inhabited at that time and was probably a prosperous community.

In 1853 Major Carlton, of the United States Army, says of Quivira:

"These ruins consist of the remains of a large church or cathedral with a monastery attached, a small church or chapel, and the ruins of the town extending nine hundred feet in a direction east-and-west and three hundred feet north-and-south. All these buildings have been constructed of the dark-blue limestone which is found in the vicinity. The walls of the cathedral are now about thirty feet in hight. It was estimated from the great quantity of stones that has fallen down, forming a sort of talus both within the walls and outside of them, that originally this building was all of fifty feet in hight. There is a small room to the right as you enter the cathedral, and another room which is very large and which communicates with the main body of the building by a door at the left of the transept. There was also a communication between this large room and the monastery, or system of cloisters which are attached to the

cathedral. This building is one hundred and eighteen feet long outside, and thirty-two feet in width. Its walls are three feet and eight inches in thickness. It is apparently in a better state of preservation than the cathedral, but yet none of the former woodwork remains in it. Among the ruins are found great quantities of broken earthenware, some of which had been handsomely painted and glazed. An old road runs toward the east, and large cedar trees are growing along it. The country round about shows no traces of ever having been cultivated, and the nearest water is at the base of the mountain fifteen miles away."

The ruins of Quivira to-day are, if possible, more desolate than when Maj. Carlton visited them. The decay and extinction of this prosperous and happy community is a sad commentary upon modern civilization. When the European found them they were surrounded by abundance of grain and of fruits, and the scene reminded the invader of his home in Spain. A hundred and fifty years later they

had reached a degree of civilization where their daughters could be traded for horses, and at the end of another hundred and fifty years they had disappeared utterly, and it was even doubted if their country could have been inhabited!

That the residents of Quivira were a race distinct from the Pueblo Indians seems certain, since the Pueblos disclaim any knowledge of them, and have no traditions that furnish a clue to unravel the mystery of their origin or nationality.

Next came the Pueblo Indians. They occupy much of the country to-day, and furnish illustrious examples of docility and indolent contentment. It is difficult to believe they were ever goaded to war, no matter what the provocation. The conqueror who came with the cross and the sword crushed out their spirit utterly and forever. But not in a year nor a generation was this accomplished. It was more than half a century after Coronado came that Onate founded San Gabriel, and

the last seventeen years of this period was one continual war.

Then for nearly a century the Spaniards held undisturbed sway. Mines of gold, silver, copper, and turquoise were opened, and yielded fabulous wealth. And while the peons toiled, their haughty masters reveled in debauchery and ill-gotten gain.

There came a limit to endurance at last, and the revolt of 1680 was the result.

On the return of peace, in 1693, came affiliation and friendship. The Spaniards thought of love, but they were far from home, and, from necessity, wooed the Pueblo maidens. From this union sprang the Mexican race, a race that represents in the phases of its people all the ingredients of its origin—Spaniard, Moor, Indian—Mexican. There are a few families in which the Castilian predominates, but the great majority are scarcely fairer than their aboriginal neighbors.

These exceptional families have, until the advent of the railroads, dominated the coun-

try commercially and politically, and have furnished the church the means of establishing what has been till recently in effect an ecclesiastical empire.

As you pass down the valley, the eye follows pleasantly the winding thread of emerald fields dotted with the ever-recurring cross and church. There are thousands of crosses in New Mexico besides those on the church spires and in the church yards. You see them all about the country. It is the trade mark of every locality and occupation. It would be difficult to imagine a time or place where a cross would be inappropriate—at the intersection of roads, the crossing of streams, on the tops of mountains, in the valleys, and far out on the plains. They mark burial places, resting places of the procession, memorials of the Penitentes—crosses, crosses everywhere. At these crosses are heaps of stones deposited by devout passers-by as a tribute to the luckless traveler who met his fate by poisoned arrow, by the treachery of companions, or by disease.

The Mexican may never have heard, and he certainly cannot remember, the names of those buried there, but he pays his tribute as he pays his tithes, and, uncovering, kisses the cross as fervently as a parent embraces a child.

Villages also dot the valley for hundreds of miles. You are never out of sight of them. Villages of dirt houses, with fences of the same, and inhabitants of a color to correspond. Trees canopy them, vineyards surround them, rivulets of sparkling water flow through their streets, milk and honey abound, and the soft notes of the guitar mingle with bells all the livelong day. The principal ones are San Domingo, Los Ranchos, Bernalillo, Albuquerque, Isleta, Peralta, Las Lunas, Limitar, Socorro, San Marcial, Valverde, Las Cruces, Mesilla, and El Paso. These names are not unknown to history, and have traditions that curdle the blood.

At San Marcial the railroad crosses the river and climbs to the Jornada del Muerto, th t

treeless stretch of country without stream or spring or shadow of rock, that has been the terror of travelers for centuries. Once it may have been a lake, deep and blue and beautiful; later it may have been a valley, verdant and fair; but to-day it is the abomination of desolation, the corpse of a region that can never be resuscitated. No foot of wild animal tracks its burning sand, no fowl or insect dots its fiery sky. The croaking raven, even, is gone, scared at the fulfillment of its own worst prophecy.

And yet this has been crossed by caravans ever since De Vaca led his wandering expedition for nine years between the South Atlantic coast and the city of Mexico, in the sixteenth century. It has been the route of all the expeditions of war and commerce that fill the variegated history of this "land of glory and of blood misspilt," and during all these three hundred and fifty years or more it has deserved the designation given it in the poetic nomenclature of the Spaniard: "Jornada del Muerto"—The Journey of Death.

We cross it now in palace cars, going further in an hour than the old-time caravans went in a day, and through the windows we can see the old trail, with crosses rising here and there like mile posts along the way.

In a few hours we reach the valley again, and follow it down by Mesilla, where figs and pomegranates grow, until the brakeman shouts: "El Paso! Change cars for Chihuahua and all points in Mexico!"

"What of New Mexico?" asks every one who turns that way. I would not have you believe it to be but a reminiscence of long-gone and barbaric splendor. It has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people, a large proportion of whom are men of to-day — active, capable, up with the times. And this proportion is becoming larger with the arrival of every train.

The Territory ranks eighth in silver product, eleventh in gold, fifteenth in the number and value of sheep, and eighteenth in cattle, among the states and territories of the Union.

The agricultural area is limited, owing to lack of large streams for the purposes of irrigation, but every acre under ditch yields abundantly. All the small grains succeed admirably, fruits reach perfection, the grape is in its glory.

You should go down the valley in the waning summer, and see the *carettas* piled high with the luscious fruit coming to the presses, where the boys and girls tread out the red wine, keeping time with their hands to the songs that they sing.

There are other matters of which I would like to speak. The grazing grounds, that are yet to feed the flocks and herds of the Union; the mineral springs, that are to make New Mexico the sanitarium of the continent; the climatic and scenic beauties, that are attracting tourists from Europe as well as America; and, above all, the mines, that once tempted priests and dazzled the eyes of kings, and that shall in these later times enrich the world. I would tell you of them; but if I detain you, it will be the shadow and not the substance you

will get, and hence I desist, that you may go and verify this story.

You may ask incredulously, "Why have we never known this before? What has kept a knowledge of this country from us?"

My answer is, its isolation. The country was locked up away from the immigrant; the the natives preferred to have it so; and the outsider, for lack of authentic information, called it a desert.

All this is changed. The doors have been opened wide. The night of inactivity and sloth is passing away, and the hilltops gleam with the dawn of a resurrection. For while the citizen scowls at the music of the engine bell or the scream of its whistle the alien is coming and will not be delayed. The church may demur, and the imperious Spaniard may scowl as he dreams of the past, but neither Padre nor Don can arrest it, for the Genius of Progress is treading hill and valley, and the restless tide of human life murmurs of its on-coming and irresistible power. And while

the remnants of a race that once boasted of empire may sit by their huts and con the legends of Quivira, where

"A temple in ruin stands,
Fashioned by long-forgotten hands;
Two or three columns and many a stone,
Marble and granite with grass o'ergrown,
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay"—

the contact of the old and the new will be soon forgotten in the magic transformation,

"When the great WONDERLAND,
With its turbulent sand,
Shall burst into bloom at the touch of a hand,
And a desert, baptized,
Prove an Eden disguised."

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